

The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CXXIV.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

St. Mary Redcliff, Bristol.



THE church of St. Mary Redcliff is one of the most celebrated and beautiful churches in England; and it is much to be regretted, that it should be so surrounded with buildings as to render it difficult, if not impossible, to obtain an uninterrupted view of the general outline of it.

It appears that an ancient religious edifice was standing on or near the site of the present church anterior to its erection, though the history of the former building is very obscure. The distinction of St. Mary Redcliff is obviously accounted for, as there was another church of St. Mary at Bristol, which William, Earl of Gloucester, gave to the priory of Keynham, in the time of Henry II.

The time when, and the person by whom, the present church of St. Mary Redcliff was built, are imperfectly known. It seems, that in the year 1247, the corporation of Bristol decided on building a church, and it is supposed that Simon de Barton, who was mayor of Bristol six times, between the years 1292 and 1305, did something towards its erection. There

is, however, little doubt that William Cannings was its founder, and that it was finished by his grandson, of the same name, who was mayor of Bristol in 1441. "This William Cannings," says Dallas, way, in his *William Wycrewe Redivivus*, "with the help of others of the worshipful town of Bristow, kept mascons and workmen to repair and beautify, cover and glaze, the church of Redcliff, which his grandfather had founded in the dayes of Edward ye Third."

The history of the foundation of this church, its surpassing elegance and perfection, form a proud monument of the munificent and noble-mindedness of the old English merchants; and we are not aware that England can boast of a similar building—the work of private citizens.

Reserving for a future occasion an account of the present state of this church, we shall merely observe, that it contains two monuments of the founder, William Cannings, and one of Sir William Pennington, father of the famous Quaker. There are also three altar-pieces, painted by Hogarth.

It was in the church of St. Mary Redcliff, that the poet Chatterton, "The sleepless boy who perished in his pride,"

stated he found the poems attributed to Rowley, and which gave rise to so much controversy. The view we give of the church, from Malcolm's interesting account of it, is taken from the river.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.

THE period of the festivities of Christmas, which continues in Sweden till the 6th of January, is dedicated to universal rejoicings. Presents are made, the receivers of which are required to guess the given. The people have also a custom of knocking at each other's doors at this season: this has passed from Sweden into Pomerania. On the 24th of Dec. a crier solemnly proclaims the Peace of Christmas—(Julafred). In virtue of this, the punishment of all offences against social order is double that incurred at any other period of the year. This Proclamation of the Peace of Christmas is a custom of great antiquity, and extends over the whole kingdom, and nothing is suffered to disturb the tranquillity of the season. Symbols of this rite are to be discovered on the old Runic stones.

IRISH TOPERS.

A GENTLEMAN whose rental at one time amounted to £10,000. per annum, and who was in the constant habit of intoxication, took an oath to drink nothing after the cloth was removed; but unable to comply with the spirit, he soon contented himself with adhering to the letter of this rash vow, and, keeping the cloth on table after dinner was over, could drink all night without fear of infringing it. He then swore not to drink in his dining parlour, but again as easily evaded his engagement, by adjourning to the next apartment; in the next apartment, however, on some fresh qualms of conscience, the vow was renewed; and so, in each room successively, until he fairly swore himself out of the house. He then took refuge in the summer-house of his garden, and there used to dine and drink daily; till, rashly renewing his vow here also, he was reduced to find a new subterfuge, by taking lodgings in a neighbouring town.

Another person, one of the second-rate gentry, there called *buckskins*, got a punishment of spirits, which had come ashore. It was too large to be got in at the door of the house; he therefore pulled part of the

wall down; still, however, it stuck half way. His small stock of patience could last no longer; he tapped the end that was within, and he and his wife, with their servant, soon became completely intoxicated. His neighbours, aware of this, tapped the cask at the other end, and the next day, when this worthy personage would have taken his morning, he found the cask completely emptied!

Tour in the Irish Highlands.

MILITARY DESPOTISM.

As an instance of the military despotism which, during a long period, harassed the Irish peasants, we take the following disgraceful anecdote:—

The lady of the captain of a regiment quartered at Castlebar, in passing along the narrow pavement of that little town, was met by a young girl from the country carrying a bundle on her head. Either from ignorance or inattention, the girl took the side nearest the wall. The lady stopped, and imperiously desired her to give way to her betters. The poor girl saw that something was wrong, but, not understanding the language in which she was addressed, she pressed still closer to the wall, without making any answer. The infuriated lady, after giving some vent to her passion, returned to the barracks; and insisted that exemplary vengeance should be taken on the offender. A file of soldiers was drawn out, and, headed by their captain, proceeded in search of the delinquent; whose punishment was decreed to be one, of which you may perhaps be as ignorant as I was, until enlightened by the explanation of our good nurse; who, from a window in the town, was herself a spectator of the disgraceful scene. The unfortunate girl was to be drummed out of the town. As soon as she made her appearance, she was hooted at, pelted, and pursued by the soldiers, making a hideous noise with drums, trumpets, &c. The people were afraid to receive her into their houses, a rabble of men and boys were soon collected, and, flying from one street to another, she experienced a treatment similar to that of many a poor dog who has had the ill luck to be called mad; and her end might perhaps have been the same, had not the charity of an old woman opened the door of a little hovel, in the out-skirts of the town—the poor girl rushed in, and, exhausted by fatigue and terror, sunk fainting on the floor.

Ibid.

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Thursday Morning, Jan. 13, 1825.

YOU TIRESOME CREATURE.—If I thought to claim exemption from the ordinarily ascribed peculiarities of my sex, namely, those of *vanity* and *curiosity*, I fear I should obtain no credit with you, unless, indeed, you entertain singular notions in this respect. Granted, then, that I am but an ordinary mortal, trammelled with a reasonable proportion of inherent foibles, how could you tantalize me by fixing such a distant day for quieting the eagerness and agitation I must naturally feel, to learn what you, Mr. Editor, can possibly have to say to your humble correspondent, Janet. You are but little aware of the outrageous impatience that commonly appertains to a lady's calendar of expectancies. Thursday! I exclaimed, when I peeped into my MIRROR, why I shall be furrowed with age by then, and if the man is fascinated with me, how cruel in him to hazard so wantonly the impairing my charms by so tedious a procrastination, and death to my hopes by utterly spoiling my fortune, for you must be getting as rich as a Jew by the extraordinary sale of your work. In good sooth, my worthy friend, I am half angry with you for acting so inconsiderately; I must fain, heigho! endure the interval as patiently as I can.

It is so long since I last teased you with my *trivia*, that I cannot imagine what to think of your recognition of me; if the letter you promise me is one of reproach, this I can tell you, you are precipitate. If you are not tired of me, we are agreed in this respect. I beg to assure you I feel highly complimented by the polite notice I have already experienced, and only wish I was equal to it in desert. Wishing all imaginable prosperity to your highly-pleasing little publication, I beg permission to subscribe myself,

Your obliged friend,

JANET."

P.S. Pray do not keep my servant a minute; I am on the tiptoe of expectation.

We hesitated for some time in inserting this letter, considering it almost of a private nature, but if in gratifying our readers we have done wrong to our admired correspondent, we hope she will forgive us.—Ed.

STANES WRITTEN ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. CORNWELL LARON WILSON.

(For the Mirror.)

When my thoughts dwell upon the fleeting year,
That in an hour, will pass for ever by,
Memory, fond memory, wakens many a tear,
And my breast swells with many a pensive sigh!

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I do not kneel before the "sainted shrine,"

With vain professions—only sworn to break;
Since well I know, this erring heart of mine
Is all too weak, with truth, such vows to make!

Yet, nay it, when the year has circled round,
And I again review each scene that's past;
Still, still, as free from perjury be found,
And from intended evil—as the last;
Warm, open, thoughtless—early led astray
Ere reason bloom'd—when life and hope were new,
By fancy's power; I fondly deemed the way
Of Life—would realize what fancy drew!

This was the snare, the spell that did deceive,
And led my wandering heart astray awhile;
Till soon I found, fancy but lures to leave
The ruin'd wretch, that banquets on her smile;
Yet, oh!—what'er my many faults have been,
Though I at times have play'd the trifler's part;
Conscience still whispers, 'mid each varied scene,
"They were the errors of the head,—not heart!"

ON THE EVE OF THE NEW YEAR.

WRITTEN BY THE SAME.

Time's glaring axle turns;—another year,
Brings me to muse upon the chequer'd past;
And memory, busy memory, drops a tear,
O'er joys and blooming hopes—that were not form'd to last.

Is this the world, that once appeared so bright,
Cloth'd and bedeck'd in fairy-like array?
Are these the scenes that charm'd my dazzled sight,
While hope, with siren voice, bade my young heart "be gay?"

Is this the magic land of smiles and flowers,
Whose sunny aspect at each step I trod,
Wood'd me yet onward to still brighter bowers,
And bade my footsteps seek, and follow pleasure's road.

'Tis the same world indeed;—unmov'd—unchang'd,
With the same features—and the self-same hue
That then it wore;—'tis I that am estrang'd,
And look with cheerless gaze, on all that meets my view!

I saw the world through an illusive light,
That ting'd each prospect with a sunny shade;
Hope wav'd her wand—and ev'ry scene was bright,
Despair's dark brow appear'd—and bade Hope's sun-beams fade.

Turn then thy axle Time! with double force,
Until my span of years is number'd o'er;
The others murmur at thy swift-wing'd course,
I'll thank thee—could these eyes but sleep to wake no more!

ON DECORATING GRAVES WITH FLOWERS, WITH FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON PÈRE LA CHAISE.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CXXII. of the MIRROR, you gave a very interesting account of the celebrated Cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is altogether a thing of peculiar interest; but the epitaphs you have quoted deserve particular attention. They are, indeed, "delicious little things;" they are exquisite in their kind, and breathe, as you say, the most "affecting brevity" and "pathetic simplicity;" they are, in a word, just what, in the "modesty of nature," they ought to be. We, of all nations, are best able to appreciate such epitaphs; where the *dead* (by a *poetical* license, I suppose) are in nine cases out of ten made to spout canting doggerel; which would absolutely put the mouth of a ballad-singer out of shape; or are made to belch out to every pious contemplator of the scene such profane and even blasphemous attempts at wit, as would disgrace the very columns of a jest-book. A practice by which the dead are insulted, the living disgraced, and a disgrace to the hierarchy which permits it! Yes, Sir, the grave, the "sober house" of mortality, is not to be invaded by the "sound of shallow foppery;" as Juba says of honour, "it ought not to be sported with." However, as I purpose to treat more largely on this subject in a future Number, I shall beg to dismiss it for the present, and proceed at once to the consideration of another pleasing little incident connected with the scenery of Père la Chaise, viz. the decorating of the tombs with flowers. To give my readers an idea of the antiquity and history of this custom, I cannot do better than quote the excellent "*Sylva Florifera*" of Mr. H. Phillips. In his first volume he says, "The triumvir Antony, when dying, begged of the captivating queen Cleopatra, that she would scatter perfumes on his tomb, and cover it with roses."

"In Turkey, a rose is sculptured on the monument of all ladies that die unmarried; and in Poland they cover the coffins of children with roses, and when the funeral passes the streets, a multitude of these flowers are thrown from the windows. Camden tells us, 'There is a classical custom observed, time out of mind, at Oakley, in Surrey, of planting a rose-tree on the graves, especially of the young men and maidens, who have lost their lovers, so that this church-yard is full of them.'—It is the more remarkable, since it was anciently used both

among the Greeks and Romans, who were so religious in it, that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills [as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan], by which they ordered roses to be yearly strewed and planted on their graves. Hence the line of Propertius,

Et tenerâ poneret ossa rosa;
"And lay his bones in soft roses."

And Anacreon, speaking of it, says, that it protects the dead:—

"Preserves the cold, incurned clay,
And marks the vestige of decay."
MOORE'S ANACREON.

"This ancient custom of decorating graves with flowers, the symbols of fleeting mortality, has almost passed from recollection in this country, and is rapidly disappearing in most parts of Wales; but we read in the '*Beauties of England*,' that Thomas Steevens, a poor and aged man, who lies buried in the church-yard of the village of Stokenchurch, in Oxfordshire, left a request that his eldest son would annually dress his grave with flowers on the recurrence of [the wake] St. Peter's."

To these instances quoted by Mr. Phillips, I shall take the liberty of adding one other from my own personal knowledge. An annual donation is bequeathed to the poor of the parish of Barnes, in Surrey, on condition that the said parish plant and preserve a certain number of rose-trees by the grave of the donor; and in the event of their neglecting to do this, the donation to be forfeited. They were in bloom, however, when I was last at the church, and I dare say the inquisitive reader would find them there still. The consideration of the neglect of so elegant a custom in our own country then brings Mr. P. to the classical Père la Chaise. "It seems now to be a study in this country (he well observes) to make our tombs monuments of oblivion, whilst in Paris they have renewed the ancient custom of planting flowers on the graves of their departed friends, particularly at the Cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is impossible to visit this vast sanctuary of the dead, where the roses and the cypresses encircle each tomb, or the arbor vitæ and eglantine shade the marble obelisk, without feeling a solemn, yet sweet and soothing emotion steal over the senses, as we wander over this variegated scene of hill and dale, columns and temples, interspersed with luxuriant flowering shrubs and fragrant herbs, that seem to defy the most profane hand to pluck them. In these winding paths, where contemplation

loves to dwell, we could not forbear reciting these lines of L'Abbé de la Chasagne :—

“ *Rosen, en qui je vois paroître
Un éclat si vif et si doux,
Vous mourrez bientôt; mais peut-être
Dois je mourir plutôt que vous!*

“ *La mort, que mon ame redoute,
Peut m'arriver incessamment,
Vous mourrez en un jour, sans doute,
Mais moi peut-être en un moment!*”

“ *Ye roses, now fragrant and fair,
Ah! how soon must ye wither and die!
Yet tho' little of life be your share,
Ye may live roses longer than I!*

“ *My soul is of horror a prey,
Lest death unexpected invade;
Ye are sure not to outlive a day,
But I in a moment may fade!*”

“At this instant,” continues my author, we found a funeral procession slowly winding towards us, amid the monumental stones and avenues of trees, to avoid which we ascended the height, where our attention was attracted by a grave covered with fresh moss, and thickly strewn with the most odorous white flowers, such as the orange blossom, jasmine, myrtle, and white rose. At each corner stood white porcelain vases, filled with similar flowers, all of pure white; the whole was covered with a fence of wire-work, and the monument was without a name, and had only this simple and pathetic inscription, ‘*Fille chérie, avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés!*’ 5. Juin, 1819.”

“We were told that the afflicted parent still continued to indulge in the sad duty of replenishing the grave with fresh flowers, at the earliest opening of the gates of this melancholy garden of graves.”

In his first volume, also, Mr. Phillips makes mention of Père la Chaise while describing the cypress tree. The ingenuity of the idea with which it concludes, will justify me, perhaps, with my readers, in quoting the whole passage. “The cypress,” he observes, “seems admirably adapted to ornament those lawns which surround villas or lodges built in the Grecian style, and, perhaps, we have no tree that accords so well with stone or stuccoed edifices as the cypress; and even the temples of marble lose half their effect if surrounded by other buildings, instead of being relieved by the foliage of trees. At the present time, the burial-hill of Père la Chaise, near Paris, forms a most interesting picture, as the numerous and variously formed monuments rise above the young arbores vitæ and cypresses, like a city of marble emerging from a forest, and from which, a friend observes, we may

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form a faint picture of the beautiful appearance of Constantinople from the Bosporus; the hills on which that city stands being intermixed with white buildings and green foliage, which forms a spectacle not equalled in any other part of Europe.”

Such, Sir, is the best information I can collect at this moment on the interesting custom which I have attempted to elucidate, and of the classic Père la Chaise, to your account of which it may possibly form no unwelcome supplement. I say nothing of my own share in it (which is the least); but the extracts cannot but be read with pleasure, as the author has himself visited the scene he describes: You and I well know that there are indeed such things as “travelling fools” in the world; but after all the relations of an eye-witness have certainly a right to be considered the best.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM PALIN.

Carshalton, Jan. 10, 1825.

PUBLIC BURIAL-GROUND AT MUNICH.

IN No. 122, we gave an account of the celebrated cemetery of Père la Chaise at Paris, with a proposal for a Necropolis near London. As somewhat connected with the same subject, we now insert an account of a public burying-ground at Munich, in a letter from a traveller, written a few weeks ago:—

“Visited to-day this sad receptacle of mortality—the dead city of Munich, as it may be called; for there is only one burying-ground, but it is of ample extent, and will suffice for many generations to come. It has some peculiarities which deserve notice for commendation, and others which, though striking to an Englishman for their novelty, I cannot but condemn. That it is removed to a distance from the town is a point praiseworthy in the highest degree, as it concerns essentially the comfort and health of the living, both in respect to crowded church-yards, and the contamination of the air in churches which have crypts underneath for the reception of the dead. This burying-ground, enclosed by a high wall, has three wide gravelled walks, reaching from the entrance to the further end, while the ground is traversed by others of less width. The graves are disposed in ranks within these compartments, preserved in neat order, and every grave is adorned with a monument of some description, such as an obelisk, or other carved stone, according to the means or taste of the party; and most generally is

a cross of metal, ornamented and gilt, which in many cases has a painting on iron or wood in a frame, with two flaps or shutters, to be opened or shut according to the state of the weather. The *coup d'œil*, which the immense assemblage of these monuments in straight lines produces, is singular. The graves of the Catholics, which are nearly all, have either a tub of holy water placed beside them, or a vessel sculptured in the monument itself expressly to contain it, with a sort of brush attached, for the use of the relations and friends to sprinkle the grave on visiting or passing it.

"At the upper end of the ground is an arcade of a crescent form, in the centre part of which are apartments, whither all deceased persons are conveyed within a few hours after death. The bodies remain there two days before burial; but not in the darkness of the sepulchre, for these apartments have the partition next to the burying-ground glazed; the coffins are open, the foot towards the spectator, the bodies drawn out and partly raised, the head resting on a sort of pillow, the arms folded over the breast, as if the person were asleep on a couch. They are thus exposed to the gaze of every body, and a melancholy spectacle it is. For my part, I think it extremely indecent and repulsive in itself, and insulting to the memory of the deceased. One apartment is superior in decoration and in the number of consecrated tapers burning around; the other is for the humbler classes, whose means do not permit of the more costly display. I was much interested with the appearance of the mortal remains of two respectable looking old ladies, who, attired in black gowns, plain lace caps, and black ribands, seemed to have slept quietly and contentedly in the fulness of their time into another state of existence; not a muscle displaced, not a change, but a sweet placid smile on their pale cheeks. The son of a brewer (a class of persons extremely rich, Munich being celebrated for its beer), of 18 years of age, was laid out in all the magnificence of gold, silver, and silk; a sort of coronet, richly adorned, on his head; and the splendid coffin surrounded with stands, displaying vast bouquets of artificial flowers and a multitude of burning tapers.

"Within the arcade are niches for busts of persons of note, or of those whose families or friends choose to distinguish by such a memorial. Near the centre of the ground rises conspicuously a lofty obelisk of marble, resting on four large cannon-balls, placed on a massive cubic pedestal of granite. A brass plate on the

lower part of the obelisk bears the following inscription:—

L'Armée du Rhin
Commandée par le Général Moreau
A la mémoire du Général Bastoul,
Blessé à la bataille de Hohenlinden
Le 12 Frimaire.
Mort à Munich le 25 Nivose,
L'an 9 de la Rep. Française.

PROPOSED NEW COMPANY.

(For the Mirror.)

THE present age is remarkable for an excessive speculation in numerous schemes, conducted under the direction of societies, associations, and companies. Many persons seem, indeed, utterly at a loss how to employ their surplus capital, let but a new project be once broached, under the sanction of a few well-known individuals, down go the deposits, before the subscribers have given themselves time to become acquainted with the plan, or feasibility of the schemes they so eagerly patronise.

We have Coal-Gas Companies, Oil-Gas Companies, and even *Portable-Gas* Companies: subtle and airy plans no doubt—though the subscribers eagerly anticipate to embody their air into the tangible shape of *sovereigns*! there are also Water Companies, Fire Companies, Mining Companies, Tea Companies, Wine Companies, Stove Companies, Shoe Companies, Railway Companies, Bread Companies, Milk Companies,

"Cum multis aliis, quæ nunc prescribere longum est."

by the bye, might it not be productive of large profit to the last, to amalgamate with the Thames-Tunnel Company? which would enable them to supply John Bull with *chalk and water* for nothing! *verbum sap.*

But, without any intention of depreciating the *obvious* merits of these and similar institutions, which manage the utmost exertions of the proprietors, may (*perhaps*) balk their anticipated profits, it is respectfully announced to the public, that several gentlemen have matured a scheme for the *mental* benefit of their countrymen; and whilst others have merely devised plans for external purposes, they are stimulated by the head-able ambition of accomplishing a far nobler object—that of improving the talents of their customers, and qualifying them, at once, for any post requiring the exertion of genius! this being a subject in which so many must feel deeply interested, the following is, with

the greatest confidence, submitted as the Prospectus of

THE INTELLECT COMPANY.

1. The projectors have discovered an ingredient of inestimable qualities, common-sense, prudence, and integrity, which being enclosed in a fillet, and fastened round the pericranium, imparts to the wearer that hitherto grand desideratum, a qualification to fill every station in life with honour to himself, and benefit to the community.
2. The fillets to be constructed of different materials, adapted to the views of the purchasers; as thus: for Noblemen, *tinsel*; Lawyers, *brass*; Politicians, *lead*; Physicians, *wood*; Dandies, *paper*; Critics, *flint*; Soldiers and Sailors, *Portland stone*, &c. &c.
3. The public are confidently assured of the *feasibility* of this plan, and the projectors have permission to name many gentlemen who can fully prove its *necessity*.
4. The projectors fully expect they shall obtain their charter on the *first of April*, and propose to raise a capital of five millions, in one hundred thousand shares of £50. each.
5. As the demand for fillets must necessarily be immense, and as they will require to be renewed every five years, subscribers may calculate upon an annual dividend of at least £170. per cent.
6. Books for subscriptions are opened at Messrs. Diddleum's, Air Street, and as there is not the least doubt but the subscription will be speedily raised, the projectors earnestly recommend the public to be in time.
7. The company pledge themselves that the fillets shall be so accurately adjusted, as to defy the nicest inspection.

JOHN BUBBLE, Sec. pro tem.

THE TRANSPORT.

(For the Mirror.)

The sails are spread, the anchor's weigh'd;
The signal for departing made;

While fond regrets prevail:
The sailors troll the whistling lay,
The convict's vessel makes its way,
And scuds before the gale.

But are there no sad hearts below,
That burn with pain and throb with woe?

No tongue that speaks by sighs?
O, yes!—one lovely helpless fair,
That shuns the gaze, and woo's despair,
A maid with tearful eyes!

And does she not make known her grief,
And seek from pitying breasts relief?

Does she no tale unfold?

No tale she tells—no thought she breathes;
To Death, and only death bequeathes
A tale not to be told.

And is she then so stained with guilt?
Perhaps some blood has rashly spilt,
Some crime like murder done!
Stop, censurer, stop, nor libel her
Who did for love even life prefer,
By love alone was won!

For him who stabb'd her virgin heart
She robb'd, and did with virtue part,

For him to live and smile;
For him, the glittering jewels stole!
For him, a wretch with dastard soul,
Matilda first knew guile.

Poor maid! and art thou then so sad?
A Transport!—ah! and yet not mad,

With feelings too like thine!
And does the fiend that plodg'd his vows
Thy hand and beauty to espouse,
To help thee now decline?

Curse on the villain's specious tongue,
That in thine ear its poison sung,
And every oath betray'd!

For him thy peace and honour fled,
For him, to number with the dead,
A too fond credulous maid.

ETROMA.

The Topographer.

No. VII.

WIGAN WELL.

ABOUT a mile from Wigan, in Lancashire, is a spring; the water of which burns like oil. On applying a lighted torch to the surface, a large flame is suddenly produced, and burns vigorously. A dishful of water having been taken up at the part whence the flame issues, and a lighted torch held to it, the flame disappears; notwithstanding which, the water in this part boils and rises up like water in a pot on the fire, but does not feel warm on introducing the hand. What is still more extraordinary, on making a dam, and preventing the flowing of fresh water to the ignited part, that which was already there having been drained away, a burning candle being applied to the surface of the dry earth at the same point where the water before burned, the fumes take fire, and burn with a resplendent light, the cone of the flame ascending a foot and a half from the surface of the earth. It is not discoloured, like that of sulphureous bodies, neither has it any manifest smell, nor do the fumes in their ascent, betray any sensible heat. The latter, unquestionably, consists of inflammable air, or hydrogen gas; and it ought to be observed, that the whole of the country about Wigan, for the company at

several miles, is underlaid with coal. The phenomenon may therefore be referred to the same cause, which occasioned the dreadful explosion of the Felling mines; but, in the present case, this destructive gas, instead of being pent up in the bowels of the earth, accompanies the water in its passage to the surface.

GRETNA GREEN.

THIS celebrated scene of matrimonial mockery is situated, as our readers are aware, in Dumfriesshire, near the mouth of the river Esk, nine miles north-west from Carlisle.

Mr. Pennant, in his journey to Scotland, speaks in the following terms of Gretna, or, as he calls it, Gretna Green. By some persons it is written Grainney Green, according to the pronunciation of the person from whom they hear it:—

“At a short distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gretna—the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job to a dram of whiskey. But the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postillions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of land-mark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chaps a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eyeing us attentively, he left to our honour. The Church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain; for these infamous couples despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict.”

The statistical accounts of Scotland gives the subsequent particulars:—“The persons who follow this illicit practice are mere impostors—priests of their own creation, who have no right whatever either to marry, or exercise any part of the clerical function. There are at present more than one of this description in this place; but the greatest part of the trade is monopolized by a man who was originally a tobaccoist, and not a black-

smith, as is generally believed. He is a fellow without education, without principles, without morals, and without manners.—His life is a continued scene of drunkenness;—his irregular conduct has rendered him an object of detestation to all the sober and virtuous part of the neighbourhood. Such is the man (and the description is not exaggerated) who has had the honour to join in the sacred bonds of wedlock many people of great rank and fortune from all parts of England. It is forty years and upwards since marriages of this kind began to be celebrated here. At the lowest computation, about sixty are supposed to be solemnized annually in this place.”

By the canons and statutes of the Church of Scotland, all marriages performed under the circumstances usually attending them at Gretna Green are clearly illegal; for although it be in that country a civil contract, and although it may be performed by a lay-man or a person out of orders, yet, as in England, banns or license are necessary, and those who marry parties clandestinely are subject to heavy fine and severe imprisonment. Therefore, though Gretna Green be just out of the limits of the English marriage act, that is not sufficient, unless the forms of the Scottish Church are complied with.

The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

CAPTAIN LYON'S LAST VOYAGE.

It is well known that Captain Lyon sailed in the *Griper* on the 10th of June last for the Arctic regions, in order to endeavour to penetrate into Repulse Bay, by Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome. The vessel appears to have been quite unfit for the service; and after enduring the most dreadful privations, Captain Lyon was reluctantly compelled to return. He has now published an account of his voyage, from which we make the following extracts:—

“In the neighbourhood of the Savage Islands, where the ship was on the 11th of August, they fell in with some

“ESQUIMAUX.

“In half an hour our visitors amounted to about sixty persons, in eight *Kayaks*, or men's, and three *Oomiaks*, or women's, boats, which latter had stood out to us under one lug-sail composed of the transparent intestines of the walrus. As the

females approached they shouted with all their might, and we were not so deficient in gallantry as to be silent on such an occasion, for the specimen collectors were happy to observe that our fair visitors wore immense mittens of delicate white hare-skin, trimmed in the palms with the jetty feathers of the breast of the dovekie. The boats being all hauled on the ice—

Babel was let loose. On our former voyage being myself a novice in the country, I was not aware, in the excitement of the moment, of the noise we all made, but being now well acquainted with the vociferous people who were visiting us, I quietly witnessed the present interview, and am convinced that it is not possible to give any idea of the raving and screaming which prevailed for a couple of hours. Some of the natives, however, were not so violently overpowered by their joyous sensations, as to forget that they came to improve their fortunes; and one most expert fellow succeeded pretty well in picking pockets, an occupation from which frequent detection did not discourage him. Amongst other things he robbed me of my handkerchief, and was particularly amused when I discovered his roguery, for which I thought a box on the ear would have acted as a warning, but I afterwards found that he had crept on board, and was carrying off a bag of seamen's clothes; a grand prize, for the retention of which he made a most violent stand, until I succeeded in tumbling him over the side. The generality of the others behaved pretty well, and traded fairly, each woman producing her stores from a neat little skin bag, which was distinguished by our men by the name of a 'ridicule,' than which I conceive it to be a far more respectable appendage. Our visitors did not possess many curiosities, and were certainly not so rich as we had found them on our former voyage, the chief articles in which they bartered being their weapons and clothes; and, I blush while I relate it, two of the fair sex actually disposed of their nether garments, a piece of indecorum I had never before witnessed. A few seal, deer, and hare skins, with those also of young dogs, mice, and birds, were the other articles of commerce; and a very few ivory toys, with sea-horse teeth of a small size, completed the assortment. In a 'ridicule,' with some of these articles, we found a piece of very pure plumbago, of the size of a walnut; and with the toys was one of a description I had not before seen. It was a large heavy piece of ivory, in which many holes were drilled at regular intervals, but leading in different directions. A small peg is attached to this by a string,

and the game consists in throwing up the ivory block, and receiving it on the pin, in much the same manner as our game of cup and ball. A new variety of comb was also purchased, and I procured a mirror, composed of a broad plate of black mica, so fitted into a leathern case, as to be seen on either side. Our trading had continued some time before we discovered four small puppies in the women's boats, and they were, of course, immediately purchased as an incipient team for future operations.

"The acquisition of these little animals reminded us of our own live stock on board, and the pigs and ponies were accordingly exhibited to a few natives, who were called on deck for the occasion; but they drew back from the little horses with evident signs of fear, while the squeaking of the pigs, in their struggles to escape from those who held them, added not a little surprise of the moment. A safe retreat for a few yards, however, reassured our visitors, when a loud laugh and shout announced their satisfaction at having seen two new species of Tooktoo, (rein deer.)"

SUFFERINGS OF THE CREW.

THE compasses of the Griper became useless, and on the 1st of September the ship became in imminent danger. Captain Lyon says—

"Fearing danger, I turned the hands up, but having shortly deepened to twenty-seven and twenty-five, again sent them below.—We soon came to fifteen fathoms, and I kept right away, but had then only ten; when being unable to see far around us, and observing from the whiteness of the water that we were on a bank, I rounded to at seven, A. M., and tried to bring up with the starboard anchor, and seventy fathoms chain, but the stiff breeze and heavy sea caused this to part in half an hour, and we again made sail to the north-eastward; but finding we came suddenly to seven fathoms, and that the ship could not possibly work out again, as she would not face the sea or keep steerage way on her, I most reluctantly brought her up with three bowers and a stream in succession, yet not before we had shoaled to five and a half. This was between eight and nine A. M. The ship pitching bows under, and a tremendous sea running. At noon the starboard bower anchor parted, but the others held.

"As there was every reason to fear the falling of the tide, which we knew to be from twelve to fifteen feet on this coast, and in that case the total destruction of the ship, I caused the long-boat to be hoisted out, and with the four smaller ones, to

be stored to a certain extent with arms and provisions. The officers drew lots for their respective boats, and the ship's company were stationed to them. The long-boat having been filled full of stores which could not be put below, it became requisite to throw them overboard, as there was no room for them on our very small and crowded decks, over which heavy seas were constantly sweeping. In making these preparations for taking to the boats, it was evident to all, that the long-boat was the only one which had the slightest chance of living under the lee of the ship, should she be wrecked, but every officer and man drew his lot with the greatest composure, although two of our boats would have been swamped the instant they were lowered. Yet such was the noble feeling of those around me, that it was evident that had I ordered the boats in question to be manned, their crews would have entered them without a murmur. In the afternoon, on the weather clearing a little, we discovered a low beach all around astern of us, on which the surf was running to an awful height, and it appeared evident that no human powers could save us. At three p. m. the tide had fallen twenty-two feet (only six more than we drew), and the ship having been lifted by a tremendous sea, struck with great violence the whole length of her keel. This we naturally conceived was the forerunner of her total wreck, and we stood in readiness to take the boats, and endeavour to hang under her lee. She continued to strike with sufficient force to have burst any less-fortified vessel, at intervals of a few minutes, whenever an unusually heavy sea passed us. And, as the water was so shallow, these might almost be called breakers rather than waves, for each in passing, burst with great force over our gangways, and as every sea 'topped,' our decks were continually, and frequently deeply flooded. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected, and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them for the purposes of observation, although it was acknowledged by all, that

not the slightest hope remained. And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter His presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope of life had left us. Noble as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible, that amongst forty-one persons not one repining word should have been uttered. The officers sat about, wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world, and I am firmly persuaded that the resignation which was then shown to the will of the Almighty, was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six p. m. the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the after-lockers, and this was the last severe shock which the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by dark she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the tide, almost miraculously, fell no lower. At dark, heavy rain fell, but was borne with patience, for it beat down the gale, and brought with it a light air from the northward. At nine p. m. the water had deepened to five fathoms. The ship kept off the ground all night, and our exhausted crew obtained some broken rest."

On the 12th of September, "At midnight it was low water, eight fathoms and a half, shewing a rise and fall of thirty feet. The night was piercingly cold, and the sea continued to wash fore and aft the decks, while constant snow fell. As the lower deck was afloat, our people and all their hammocks thoroughly soaked, no rest could be obtained.

"Never shall I forget the dreariness of this most anxious night. Our ship pitched at such a rate, that it was not possible to stand even below, while on deck we were unable to move without holding by ropes which were stretched from side to side. The drift snow flew in such sharp heavy flakes, that we could not look to windward, and it froze on deck to above a foot in depth. The sea made incessant branches quite fore and

aft the ship, and the temporary warmth it gave while it washed over us, was most painfully checked by its almost immediately freezing on our clothes. To these discomforts were added the horrible uncertainty as to whether the cables would hold until day-light, and the conviction also that if they failed us, we should instantly be dashed to pieces; the wind blowing directly to the quarter in which we knew the shore must lie. Again, should they continue to hold us, we feared by the ship's complaining so much forward, that the bits would be torn up, or that she would settle down at her anchors, overpowered by some of the tremendous seas which burst over her.

"During the whole of this time, streams of heavy ice continued to drive down upon us, any of which, had it hung for a moment against the cables, would have broken them, and at the same time have allowed the bowsprit to pitch on it and be destroyed. The masts would have followed this, for we were all so exhausted, and the ship was so coated with ice, that nothing could have been done to save them.

"We all lay down at times during the night, for to have remained constantly on deck would have quite overpowered us; I constantly went up, and shall never forget the desolate picture which was always before me.

"The hurricane blew with such violence as to be perfectly deafening; and the heavy wash of the sea made it difficult to reach the mainmast, where the officer of the watch and his people sat shivering, completely cased in frozen snow, under a small tarpaulin, before which ropes were stretched to preserve them in their places. I never beheld a darker night, and its gloom was increased by the rays of a small horn lantern which was suspended from the mizen stay to shew where the people sat.

"At dawn on the 13th, thirty minutes after four, A. M., we found that the best bower cable had parted, and as the gale now blew with terrific violence from the north, there was little reason to expect that the other anchors would hold long; or if they did, we pitched so deeply, and lifted so great a body of water each time, that it was feared the windlass and fore-castle would be torn up, or she must go down at her anchors; although the ports were knocked out, and a considerable portion of the bulwark cut away, she could scarcely discharge one sea before shipping another, and the decks were frequently flooded to an alarming depth.

"At six A. M. all farther doubts on this particular account were at an end,

for, having received two overwhelming seas, both the other cables went at the same moment, and we were left helpless, without anchors or any means of saving ourselves, should the shore, as we had every reason to expect, be close astern. And here again I had the happiness of witnessing the same general tranquillity as was shewn on the 1st of September. There was no outcry that the cables were gone, but my friend Mr. Manico, with Mr. Carr the gunner, came aft as soon as they recovered their legs, and in the lowest whisper, informed me that the cables had all parted. The ship, in tending to the wind, lay quite down on her broadside, and as it then became evident that nothing held her, and that she was quite helpless, each man instinctively took his station, while the seamen at the leads, having secured themselves as well as was in their power, repeated their soundings, on which our preservation depended, with as much composure as if we had been entering a friendly port. Here again that Almighty Power, which had before so mercifully preserved us, granted us his protection, for it so happened that it was slack-water when we parted, the wind had come round to N. W. (along the land,) and our head fell off to north-east or seaward; we set two trysails, for the ship would bear no more, and even with that lay her lee gunwale in the water. In a quarter of an hour we were in seventeen fathoms. Still expecting every moment to strike, from having no idea where we had anchored, I ordered the few remaining casks of the provisions received from the Snap, to be hoisted overboard, for being stowed round the capstan and abaft the mizen-mast, I feared their fetching way should we tail the ground. At eight the fore trysail gaff went in the slings, but we were unable to lower it, on account of the amazing force of the wind, and every rope being encrusted with a thick coating of ice. The decks were now so deeply covered with frozen snow and freezing sea-water, that it was scarcely possible, while we lay over so much, to stand on them; and all hands being wet and half frozen, without having had any refreshment for so many hours, our situation was rendered miserable in the extreme."

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE LEFT-HANDED FIDDLER.

BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Of all things in this offensive world,
So full of flaws, inversions and caprices,

There's nought so truly awkward and ridiculous
As a left handed fiddler.—There he sits,
The very antitype of base conceit,
And the most strange perversity—Scrape,

scrape!
With every thing reversed—bow, pegs, and
fingers:

The very capers of his head absurd;
With the left ear turn'd upon most—O ye Gods,
This thing's not to be suffer'd! I declare
'Tis worse than my good Lord ———
Who danced so very queer before a Queen!

I know of no anomaly in nature
With which I can compare the integer;
It stands alone without the Muse's range,
No metaphor or simile to be had,
The *se plus-ultra* of indication,
Were great Ned Irving of Old Hatton-garden
To turn the wrong end of the Bible up,
And read the text backward,
It would not look so awkward,
As a left-handed fiddler!

Were princely Jeffrey, at a Jury trial
Of life and death, in the middle of his speech
To break off with a minuet, and swim
Around with sailing motion, his pert eye
Ray'd with conceit and self-magnificence,
Bent like a crescent, and the wee black gown
Blown like a bladder or full-bosom'd sail,
All would not be so bad,
For we'd think the man gone mad;
But not so with the fiddler.

We see a wretched sycophant, the tool
Of rustic merriment, set up,
Straining and toiling to produce sweet sounds,
In huddled rank confusion; every note
The first, last, and the middle, crowding on,
Uncertain of precedence; sounds there are
Forthcoming, without doubt, in bold success;
But here's the screw of th' rack—mark how they
spring,

Each from a wrong part of the instrument,
Or the hoarse, hackney'd, and o'erlaboured jade!
This is the nerve-teasing,
The blood and soul-squeezing
Vice of the heterocelte.

I knew a man—a good well-meaning hind,
With something odd in his composition;
He was devout, and in his evening prayer—
A prayer of right uncommon energy—
This man would pause, break off, and all at once,
In a most reverend melancholy strain,
Whistle sublimely forth a part and then
Go on with earnest and unaltered phrase;
This, I confess, look'd something odd at first,
A mode without a parallel—and then
It came so unexpectedly. Yet still
I not disliked it, and I loved the man
The better for such whim, his inward frame
And spirit's communings to me unknown.
But here, Lord help me! ('tis pity 'twere a sin
To hate a fellow-creature), I perceive
A thing set up in manifold burlesque
Of all the lines of beauty.—Scrape, scrape,
scrape!

Base, treble, tenor, all turn'd topsy turvy!

What would old Patriarch Jubal say to this—
The father of the sweetest moving art

E'er compass'd by man?—O be his name
Revered for aye! Methinks I see the father,
With filaments of bark or platted thongs
Stretch'd on a hurdle, with supreme delight
Bumming and strumming at his infant science,
Whilst the seraphic gleaming of his eye
Gave omen of that world of harmony,
Then in its embryo stage, form'd to combine
The holy avocations of mankind,
And his delights, with those of angels.—Think
Of this and of the fiddler!

What's the most lovely object here on earth
'Tis hard to say. But for a moment think
Of a fair being, cast in beauty's mould,
Placed at her harp, and to its tuneful chords
Pouring mellifluous concord; her blue eyes
Uprais'd as 'twere to heaven; her ruby lips
Half open, and her light and floating locks
Soft trembling to the wild vibration
Of her own harp.—Is there not something holy,
Sweet, and seraphic, in that virgin's mien?
Think of it well; then of this rascal here,
With his red fiddle cocking up intense
Upon perverted shoulder, and you must
Give him the great Mac Turk's emphatic curse—
"The de'il particularly damn the dog!"—Amen.
I've settled with the fiddler.

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

RAIL ROADS.

SIR,—I am an admirer of improvement,
and consequently an impartial spectator
of the present *Joint Stock* system. I
patronize in my humble way all in turn,
though I doubt if I shall risk my money
in any. I buy my wine of the "London
Genuine Wine Company,"—I mean to
bathe with the "London Sea Water
Company,"—I send my clothes to the
"Steam Washing Company," and I'll
pawn them (when I cannot get a dinner
without) at Sir *William Congreve* and
Mrs. Fry's "Joint Stock Pop Shop." I
was always fond of *Company*, and I
wish them all well. We are now arrived
at a period when every one (being fully
employed) begins to feel the want of
something to do. Conquest has pro-
duced peace—peace, plenty—plenty, pro-
jects of all sorts and sizes; and I won't
positively assert that I have "no specu-
lation in my eyes" myself. The last
series of projections has, however, I con-
fess, startled me. The restless disposi-
tion of some people is now beginning
to manifest itself. They prefer any thing
to remaining as they are, although their
present state be never so good—and
accordingly their wits are at work to
overthrow the reigning *Golden Age*, and
to substitute an *Iron* one. Is not this
very hard? I don't mean to be ironical;
but I must raise my voice in favour of
my old friends the *Turnpike Roads* and
Canals. Picture to yourself, Mr. Editor,

a well Mac-Adamized English road, winding through our richly cultivated country,—view it as you fly over hill and dale on the top of a neat and trim stage coach, with its four prancing horses—its smart harness—its tidy coachman—and its spruce, jolly, red-coated, red-faced guard. What can be more pleasing to the eye? What man has not felt and owned the cheering influence of this happy combination, so exclusively English? And yet, Mr. Editor, there are discontented spirits, who propose to take their stations at the very sides of our roads and canals, and rail away at them until they chase them from the field. We are threatened with the total abolition of all such matters. The services of the most noble and useful of animals are to be scorned—the horse is to be put on half-pay—the smiling white roads we love to look on, while we call to mind the times we have been whirled along them in search of the objects of our heart's hest affections, are to disappear. In future the progress of our public vehicles will be traced, like that of some noxious reptile, by the dingy, dirty train they leave behind. The whip must yield to the poker—the coachman doff his dapper benjamin for a black smock-frock, and sit in cloudy idleness from stage to stage, or only vary it by twirling his smutty thumbs, and ever and anon perchance withdrawing one to scratch his grimy face. The guard, if he retain his present relative position, will both be a *fire-guard* and *need* one; and should either of these officers have any difference with us on the way, instead of his being as heretofore *row'd* by us, it is but too probable we may all be *blown* up by him. Henceforth a flying chimney will alone mark the distant movement of the traveller, while the springing of an iron rattle, a profusion of black smoke, and a hissing of as many geese, proclaim his near approach. I will not ask room to enumerate all the miseries attendant on the proposed reign of darkness, soot, and terror. I must, however, take leave to remind passengers by Steam Coaches of the certainty of their suffering from *vapours*—to request them to bear in mind, that however fast they may go *horizontally*, they run the imminent risk of increasing in velocity tenfold, should any sudden freak of the boiler give them a *perpendicular* direction—and to warn the inhabitants of London against sending their accustomed presents of oysters to their country friends by these conveyances, until they have first clearly ascertained that they like them *stewed*.

Again, Sir, with respect to our old and

pleasant-looking friends the Canals. I am an admirer of Nature, and prefer Canals to Rail-roads, because I would rather at any time wash her beautiful face than dirty it. Besides, water extinguishes fire; but it will be quite a new order of things when fire is allowed to *put out* water. Is speed to be urged in favour of the new roads? Here I am afraid I must give way—not that I believe any thing is in reality to be gained in expedition generally,—but I must admit, that all perishable articles will go *faster* by the hot conveyance than the cold one. It will be somewhat amusing to see packages sent by these *fire-waggons* marked “*to be kept wet*,” for unless this be done, they will probably *take*, as well as *be taken*, by fire.

Do, good Mr. Editor, lend your potent aid, at the commencement of the coming year, to avert this mass of evils, and help by advice, by entreaty, by warnings, by ridicule, by *any thing*, to thwart the designs of these iron-hearted speculators, who would take from the people of this free country all hopes of another merry Christmas. If we must be *slaves*, let it not be to *Iron-masters*—let us open our eyes before the accumulation of *smoke* renders it impossible for us to see—and let us, above all things, beware, lest *Rail-roads*, like party, prove “the madness of many for the gain of few.”

Birmingham Gazette.

PARIS.

(From the Posthumous Letters of Charles Edwards.)

I TOILED through your overgrown, unfurnished palace of Versailles. Horrible exertion! It was a public day, but I was forced to go, because the *grandes eaux* were to be exhibited. And—the crowd!—The first blessing, surely, that wealth should procure for a man, is solitude! I once thought it was the power of being idle; but now I am sure it is the power of being alone. It was a burning day when I adventured—Sunday—all the world at Versailles—thermometer, 190! The road from Paris, not one foot of which is watered, and all made of that particular sand which never cements, except in people's eyes—there was not one moment, in all the twelve-miles ride, that I could see a hundred yards before me! You get carried—that is, the *monde* does—the whole distance for a *franco*, and all Paris seemed to be taking its departure. The one-horse stages, the *pots de chambre* carried nine passengers in each. *Cubito*

tels—fiacres—waggons covered with canvas—all were glutted with people, smart, talkative, and happy. I tried my chariot open, and then I was roasted. I closed it, and then I was baked. Meanwhile, the dust!—But at the palace-gate there regularly stand a company of men and boys, with brushes in their hands, and whisks, to cleanse visitors—this is fact!—as they descend from their equipages.

Then the crowd—the suffocation! in the few rooms that I did venture through! In all the courts, nothing but that vile *sablon*, that they seem so fond of here, to walk upon. In the apartments, an eternal white and gold, with great looking-glasses, and bad pictures—for half the pictures are bad, or not excellent, which amounts to the same thing. Nothing now in the aspect of the place as if it had ever been built to be inhabited. I certainly admired your disposition of the fountains; and they, here and there, give some points of beauty—though sadly artificial always—to the grounds. The ring of arches, within which the dances *champêtre* were given (as I am told) in the days of the old court, is fanciful, with its fifty illuminated *jets*, rising from, and returning into, as many marble basins. The “concert” *gazon*, too, with its cascade rolling over coloured lamps, must have had some fairy-like glittering character about it. And at the water exhibition *par preference*—the “Bath,” I think, “of Neptune”—(though giving Neptune a bath sounds something like giving Pluto a warming-pan)—the people collected, ranged in rows one above another, upon the rising bank (I should think a quarter of a mile long, and a hundred yards across), that surrounds the pool, formed the most striking public assemblage—none looking what we call the “lower class,” at all events, the gayest that, as Count Cassel expresses it, I ever saw “in the course of my travels.” But then the impression of the whole place, after all, is that of a toy; and of a toy rather in fantastic, childish, clumsy taste. Windsor Castle, with its glorious park and river! Can any man compare the two for a moment? Or, what is there in the Gardens of the Tuilleries, taking the Champs Elysees into the bargain, which can be looked at against our Hyde Park, putting Kensington Gardens out of the question?

And Paris is not quite so select neither, I am inclined to think, as to its English company; and for that reason among others, not quite so agreeable as it was when you were here. Our monsters, who used to go to Margate and Brighton (I never knew which set were the most

detestable) now cross the water. You can't imagine how we are over-run with bankers' clerks (English) and pert 'prentices, upon furlough. They get “booked” from London to Paris, with “*diner copieux*” all the way, for five pounds; and I saw a publication the other day, proving that, by bringing food from town, instead of dining at Canterbury, and sleeping on board the packet at Dover (for which nothing was to be paid) instead of going to an inn, the whole expense, by drinkings included, might be defrayed for four pounds ten. Then the moneyed visitors, who don't do things in this way, they all go to Vervé's; which, accordingly, from being one of the best, is becoming one of the worst houses in Paris. I saw three men dining there the other day (to be sure they were *censés au monsieur*, which was worth something); but it was delightful, even across the room, to see the trash they were swallowing, with, ever and anon, an “Ay!”—This is something like a glass of wine!” For myself, I like Prevot's dinner and wines at least as well as Vervé's, and his *salon*, and style of waiting, a great deal better. But Vervé has been talked about in England; and that once done—*ça ira!*

There are some “blackening” shops added to the *pointeur* of the Palais Royal, into which any person, who is sufficiently filthy, may walk, and enjoy the luxury of having his shoes cleaned upon his feet. I saw these institutions quoted in a book the other day as an example of the *ultra* luxuriousness of the Parisians! There happens to be a coffee-house too in town, with not so much looking-glass quite about it as Everington the linen-draper has in his shop—and all the world has been in arms about the “*Café de Mille Colonnes!*” with a tale about the beauty of the mistress of it, quite as voracious as the rest of the history.

Good wines needing no bush, is no proverb of French manufacture. (And, indeed, there are other countries where good bushes needing no wine, of the two, would be the more popular maxim.) But here is a house at which two blind fiddlers play of an evening—and this becomes the “*Café des Aveugles!*” At another, your currant water is served up by persons in masquerade dresses. And this place—(it would be beset in England)—is the “*Café Chinoise!*”

But the *Millas Colonnes*, of all your quackeries, remind me of that which is the most wicked—the story about the beauty, and desirableness, of your women. I always suspected the truth of this account, because the French women whom

I met abroad were not handsome; but your population of Paris more than realizes my apprehensions—it is not merely not handsome, but the most inexcusably unhandsome that I ever beheld. Your *Grisettes*, with their “neat ancles” and “*bien chaussées*!” those themselves must be pug-nosed, who have written these things. For the “ancles,” and so forth, I think, in the mass, they are decidedly bad. In the rank of “*Grisettes*,” searching most curiously the milliners’, gloves’, and haberdashers’ shops, I have been quite surprised to find so many girls so sinfully devoid of all attraction. The exceptions to this condition are few; chiefly found among the higher classes—and then it is not at all clear to me that beauty is understood in this country, where you have it. There is a girl lodges opposite to my house—she is a third-rate actress, but certainly the finest woman I have seen in Paris—the French whom I talk to don’t particularly admire her, which is suspicious. Again, you have so many tender figures, round-about ways in your language, of nominating the affliction which we know by the term “plainness.”—There is your *genti*, which amounts to what we should call the “pert.” Then there is your *espigle*, used, I believe, when any body squints; and then your *aimable*, we translate, all over the world, as the “perfectly detestable.”

Blackwood's Magazine.

CHRISTMAS OUT OF TOWN.

For many a winter in Billiter-lane
My wife, Mrs. Brown, was not heard to complain;
At Christmas the family met there to dine
On beef and plum-pudding, and turkey and chine.
Our bark has now taken a contrary heel,
My wife has found out that the sea is genteel,
To Brighton we duly go scampering down,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.
Our register-stoves and our crimson-baized doors,
Our weather-proof walls, and our carpeted floors,
Our casements well fitted to stem the north wind,
Our arm-chair and sofa are all left behind.
We lodge on the Steine, in a bow-window'd box,
That beckons up stairs every zephyr that knocks;
The sun hides his head and the elements frown;
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.
In Billiter-lane, at this mirth-moving time,
The lamplighter brought us his annual rhyme,
The tricks of Grimaldi were sure to be seen,
We carved a twelfth cake, and we drew king and queen;
These pastimes gave oil to Time's round about wheel,
Before we began to be growing genteel:

'Twas all very well for a cockney or clown,
But nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

At Brighton I'm stuck up in Donaldson's shop,
Or walk upon bricks, till I'm ready to drop;
Throw stones at an anchor, look out for a skiff,
Or view the Chain-pier from the top of the cliff.
Till winds from all quarters oblige me to halt,
With an eye full of sand, and a mouth full of salt.

Yet still I am suffering with folks of renown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

In gallop the winds, at the full of the moon,
And puff up my carpet like Sadler's balloon;
My drawing-room rug is besprinkled with soot,
And there is not a lock in the house that will shut.

At Mahomet's steam bath I lean on my cane,
And murmur in secret—"Ah, Billiter-lane!"
But would not express what I think for a crown,
For nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.

The duke and the earl are no cronies of mine,
His majesty never invites me to dine;
The marquis won't speak when we meet on the pier,

Which makes me suspect that I'm nobody here.
If that be the case, why then welcome again
Twelfth-cake and snap-dragon in Billiter-lane.
Next winter I'll prove to my dear Mrs. Brown,
That Nobody now spends his Christmas in Town.
New Monthly Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

MARRIAGE EPIGRAM.

SIR,—If you should not consider the following (which is a fact) too long for your publication, by its insertion you will confer a favour upon your constant reader
DUMSTAN.

The following marriage was actually celebrated in the under-mentioned church, which at the time created great astonishment, and for a long time after was the cause of a general talk throughout the university:—

At Little St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Robert Twigg, of St. Peter's Coll., to Miss Ann Bush, of Little St. Mary's Lane, Cambridge.

After which, the happy youthful couple repaired to Barnwell, to spend the honeymoon. Upon this occasion the following *jeu d'esprit* originated:—

A Twigg from a Bush is derived,
As from an old sow are young pigs;
Why not join, then, this Twigg to this Bush,

That this Bush may produce some young Twigg.

The above-named gentleman was the son of a clergyman, in London; and the

less the daughter of a poor woman, one of the gyps of Pembroke College.

EPITAPHS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—Your late selection of Epitaphs has afforded me considerable amusement; and, as one of your regular subscribers, I cannot forbear contributing several that come under my notice, the authenticity of which may be depended upon.

Near Thornton, in the county of York, is a village church-yard, is to be found a plain stone, close to the church, raised to the memory of John Trollop, who appears to have been the builder of the church; and the epitaph runs quaintly in these words—

Here lyes John Trollop,
Who mayde these stones to roll-up;
When God Almighty took his soule up,
His bodie went to fill this hole up.

In a village in the county of Suffolk, another epitaph, perhaps as curious as the above, is to be found. It is to the memory of a Mrs. Greenwood, the wife of a D.D., and purports to have been written by her devoted spouse:—

Here lyes the fairest Greenwood in our town.

By Death—by very cruel Death cut downe:

Her virtue, and her moderation, were such,

That she ought to have been married to a Judge.

But she put up with me,

A poor Doctor of Divinity.

MORAL.

Ye married women, all take warning for her sake,

And never clap a blister on a lying-in-woman's back.

I WILL now give you a third, and for the present conclude. In a village in Hampshire, you find a modest, simple memorial, to the virtues of a son of Galen—thus:—

Here lyes Mr. Peter Perkins:

He was a man without gulle,

And an apothecary without ostentation.

W. F.

THE LAW OF ENGLAND.

A LEARNED Sergeant, since a Judge, being once asked what he would do if a man owed him 10*l.* and refused to pay him—“Rather than bring an action, with its costs and uncertainty,” said he, “I would send him a receipt in full of all

demands.—Aye,” said he, recollecting himself, “and I would moreover send him 5*l.* to cover possible costs.”

DRUNKENNESS.

A DRUNKEN man is a greater monster than any that is to be found amongst all the creatures which God has made; as indeed there is no character which appears more despicable and defamed in the eyes of all reasonable persons than a drunkard.

Æschines commending Philip, King of Macedonia, for a jovial man that would drink freely, Demosthenes answered—“That this was a good quality in a sponge, but not in a king.”

Bononus, one of our own countrymen, who was addicted to this vice, having set up for a share in the Roman empire, and being defeated in a great battle, hanged himself. When he was seen by the army in this melancholy situation, notwithstanding he had behaved himself very bravely, the common jest was, that the thing they saw hanging upon a tree before them was not a man, but a bottle.

PRAISE OF TOBACCO.

BY LORD BYRON.

SUBLIME Tobacco! which, from East to West,

Cheers the far's labour, or the Turk's man's rest;

Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides His hours, and rivals opium and his brides:

Magnificent in Stamboul—but less grand, Though not less lov'd, in Newgate-street or Strand.

Divine in hookas: glorious in a pipe, When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe:

Like other charmers, wooing the carress— More dazlingly when daring in full dress.

Yet thy true lovers more admire by far Thy naked beauties—Give me a Cigar!

EPIGRAM.

“WHAT will you take,” said Quix to Pat,

“To brave the storm without a hat?”

“Och by my life,” said Pat quite bold,

“You know I'd take a great big cold.”

Answers to Correspondents in our next.

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